

A New Year Also for Ogden.

With the advent of the new year we are all going to take a big tumble up in Ogden Town, and it won't hurt any of the rest of the State to watch our smoke. In the first place we are not going to make any good resolutions; they don't keep well in this climate; but we will be found doing business at the stand, politically, religiously, commercially and socially, and our motto will be "The Best is Not Any Too Good For Us." We may be taking a long shot or two, but after the pelts are counted when stock is taken, we expect to be there with the goods. Now this may sound somewhat mysterious, as Old Sport would say, but if you keep your eye on the band wagon you will see things.

No, no more resolutions. They don't pan out. Here we are getting ready to push the old year off the earth and welcome the founding 1903 with all the acclaim its advent demands of men (except the new resolutions) and about all we are thinking of is whether a resolve to reform would be in order when we know it is as liable to be withdrawn as one of Ed Loose's bets. No, this resolution business don't go. With the municipal election ten months away we might resolve not to renominate Bill. Ditto Judge Howell. Now, who would be so maladroit as to set any stakes for your Uncle Bill without knowing what kind of a resolution his Honor, the Mayor, has in preparation for January 1st.

It is to be hoped that the City Council will refrain from resolving that the newly paved streets shall be kept clean. Of course, such a resolution, broken, would not make the streets any dirtier, but would preclude any possibility of ever getting them cleaner. The fact is, Washington avenue, from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth streets, is a barnyard in dry weather and a mudhole in a storm. The dirt and refuse matter has been permitted to accumulate until a gust of whirling wind practically blinds people in the street, while a day of wet weather leaves a layer of mud two inches thick on the cobbles. This unsightly, uncomfortable and unsanitary condition of affairs could be easily remedied. A piece of hose fastened to a hydrant could do it in twenty minutes.

On or about the twentieth day of the new year the Weber club will do its annual stunt by giving a high jinks at Conley's hall. The usual attach-

ments of banquet and post-prandial oratory included in the price of admission. One ticket costs ten plunks, but you get your money's worth. No other town but Ogden could do it. This affair is to formally settle the question of social supremacy of the State, and it will open the eyes of the Willie boys who are forever hunting for and writing about, but never find, the leaders of the smart set. The brew of punch at a Weber club ball would have made Omar Khayyam follow the circus out of Ispahan, sans crust of bread or jug of wine, or thou. Getting back to the dance—as Herad said to Salome—it is looked forward to by the club members much as a man on salary looks backward on Christmas. That it is to be the event of the season west of the Missouri, the cost of breaking in is mute evidence. Each member may invite one friend, if the quotations by Bradstreet are satisfactory, but there will be no issue of common stock. Nothing will be spared, not even the members' after-Christmas pocketbooks, to put all other similar affairs on the ice wagon. The committee in charge is from the heart of the four hundred, so everything will be new except the wine and the chaperones. It won't do Salt Lake any good to get emerald-eyed over this occasion. The Weber club ball is strictly a tandem affair, with Ogden in the lead, and no other town is even a good second. True, it comes a little high, when all items of expense are considered, but think of what you get!

Earlier in this letter I pointed out that Ogden was getting ready to be heard from, as usual. This year we want the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate. (We don't want the Senatorship, as all our likely candidates have moved to Salt Lake.) We will be found asking for sergeant-at-arms of the House, engrossing clerk of the Senate and a committee clerkship or two. Of course, we may be landed back in the tall grass for most of this pie, but we are out after it just the same. We have not yet learned that both presiding officers cannot come from the same county, so we are leading Dr. Condon up to the altar to be slaughtered like the lamb he is. We might resolve not to do it, but like other good resolutions some one else would have to keep it, we could not. No, it is up to Doc to get bumped, and with his sympathetic eyes wide open he is going against it. The afterclap will no doubt be terrible, but the ultimate result will probably be a prominent commit-

tee chairmanship, so it will be ducks for Doc anyway. Now here is a chance for a new year's resolution: Resolved, That whatever Dr. Condon gets we will be thankful for, except a promise that he shall be Speaker next time, because there ain't going to be any next time—for Doc.

The Commercial club managers point to the heavy fall of packed snow in the mountains and say: "See what we can do when we undertake to secure an increased water supply for this city. Have we not more stored up moisture than the City Council has secured in two years past?"

Over the Coffee and Cognac.

Over the coffee and cognac
In the little all-night cafe,
There's freedom from care
And a confidence rare
That never is felt in the day.

Over the coffee and cognac,
When the midnight hour is past,
There are words that ring true
And the earth holds but two—
Then Life's worth the living at last.

Over the coffee and cognac,
The heart speaks its message aloud—
In a flash of the eye,
Or a smile, or a sigh—
The secret it guards from the crowd.

Over the coffee and cognac,
When the waiter has turned his back—
There's many a kiss
Full of contraband bliss
That day's earlier moments lack.

Over the coffee and cognac,
In the little all-night cafe;
To the garcon discreet
Who will never repeat
What he saw and he heard—next day.

Louis J. Stellmann in Town Talk.

The Salt Lake Electric Supply Co. is presenting its patrons with a very beautiful calendar this year. It is a copy of one of Asti's heads, and a gem.

You Wouldn't Have the Nerve

To wish a man a happy New Year, and start him off with a bad cigar. Put a few of those fragrant Maradonas from the Stickney Cigar Co. in your pocket—then you can hand him something you're proud of. Merely a suggestion, you know.

LYON & CO.



Powers, Straup & Cippman,

Attorneys and Counselors.

Tel. 1101-Y. Eagle Block, Salt Lake City.

Tailor-Made Suits
Ready-Made Prices

Ed. L. Bardsley
Milton J. Routbard

THE
MANHATTAN
TAILORS

Phone 1490-Z
Salt Lake City

Com'l. Club Bldg.
222 S. W. Temple St.

The Fairbanks SCHOOL OF Art



Offers you a surety of improving your work in Painting, Drawing, Sketching, etc., under the personal supervision of Artist J. B. Fairbanks, who received his art education in Paris at the world renowned Julian Academy, under such artists as Benjamin Constant, Jules Lefebvre and J. P. Lourans.

Send for Circular

251 COMMERCIAL CLUB BLDG.



HAVE YOUR
Christmas Printing done by
Tribune Job Printing Co.

"Tribune Blanks" Means Blanks that
ARE RIGHT.

CULLEN HOTEL

S. C. EWING, Propr.

Salt Lake
City Street
Cars from
all trains
pass the
door.

The Holiday Meat

Does that sound funny to you?
Well, it doesn't to the man who goes
home to dinner. He wants it good.
Our meats aren't any other way.

GEO. WARD & Co.,

101-103 EAST SECOND SOUTH ST. 'PHONE 213.